

Lady Randolph Churchill

A BIOGRAPHY 1854-95

RALPH G. MARTIN

The biography of Winston Churchill's American mother who became the toast of English society. The book that has been on the U.S. bestseller list continuously for seven months.

Emma, Lady Hamilton

MOLLIE HARDWICK

The fruit of a lifetime's interest. Mollie Hardwick's biography contributes important new evidence which destroys all the old myths and portrays Emma in an entirely new light.

Sir Henry Wood

REGINALD POUND

Reginald Pound's freedom to make use of the Sir Henry Wood papers has resulted in a deeper, rounder, tougher picture of Sir Henry which gives a new dimension to his enormous achievements.

Cassandra

REFLECTIONS IN A MIRROR

ROBERT CONNOR

For 32 years William Connor wrote his world famous *Cassandra* column in the *Daily Mirror* and in so doing revolutionized popular journalism. This revealing account by his son is culled by the best of his writing and a wealth of anecdote.

THE

Afrikaners

JOHN FISHER

This important historical study is the first of its kind to interpret the Afrikaners in the English and vice versa. In portraying the Afrikaners' turbulent history it puts the situation in South Africa today in a new perspective.

Etiquette

EMILY POST

Published for the first time in England, a facsimile reproduction of the 1922 first edition of the official Blue Book of Social America which has been bought by four million people.

F. L. Lucas

The English Agent

A Tale of the Peninsular War. This novel is the last book that F. L. Lucas wrote before he died in 1967. Set in Spain at the height of the Peninsular War, it presents a brilliant and stylish picture of the Napoleonic period and its attitudes to love and war.

CASSELL

The Victorian achievement

JEREMY MAAS: *Victorian Painters*

277pp. Bantam and Jenkins. £7.75.

Four generations have been so severely trounced by their immediate successors as the Victorians, and few have proved so resilient. Particularly is this the case in the world of art. The short reign of Edward VII had hardly drawn to its close before the night was being cast down from their seats and their masterpieces relegated to the unvisited basements of provincial museums. While Highland cattle and earthenware carlinis might still find purchasers in the rich but unsophisticated Midlands, in London they were a drab on the market. Butterfield and Gifford Scott had become figures of fun long before Lytton Strachey set pen to paper, and the Pre-Raphaelites had grown wearisome during the lifetime of Holman Hunt. Tinsley all is changed. Each week sees the saleroom prices advancing by leaps and bounds, not only of the great remembered names, but also of such unknown forgotten figures as J. Atkinson Grimshaw and William Maw Peley, and not a year passes without the publication of some enthusiastic work of re-evaluation. How did this come about? Why and when did the pendulum start to swing, and how justified are past neglect and present enthusiasm?

The reasons for the sudden withdrawal of public favour are fairly easily discovered: the cultural imperialism of the last decades of the nineteenth century, the arrival of Diaghilev, and, above all, the aesthetic puritanism of Bloomsbury. Once Roger Fry had established the dogma that no picture should ever on any account tell a story—which today seems as irrational as the previous insistence that every picture must do so—and once subject matter had come to be regarded as of no conceivable importance and form alone significant, the Victorians were due for the outer darkness. (And not only the Victorians, for it was largely due to the enthusiasm with which the cultured public responded to the austere preaching of Toulson Symonds that so great an artist as Sickert was so shamefully neglected for much of his working life.) Whether or not these reasons were justified remains an open question.

Yet if this collection contains many delightful surprises, disagreeable reminders are not lacking. No wild change of fashion, no salacious humor, can ever, surely, breathe life into the majority of those great pictorial machines which were once so regularly roped off at Burlington House. Typical in its faults is Lord Leighton's earliest contribution "Cimabue's Madonna carried in procession into Florence", possibly the worst painting ever produced by any artist of comparable gifts. A row of carefully posed professional models, dressed in Wardour Street Gothic, stretch out in a monotonous file across the enormous canvas; an

English Francophile in their belated appreciation of the Impressionists delighted in pouring scorn on the Royal Academy without pausing to reflect that the standard of the majority of the Salon regulars was certainly no higher. Millais at his worst was a better painter than Delacroix, and Lady Butler a far more enjoyable one than Meissonier. Likewise those who were loudest in their welcome for the daring innovations of Bakst and Benois completely overlooked how much the former owed to Burne-Jones and Walter Crane, or how close the latter was to Cézanne. Only today are French critics themselves willing to admit the indebtedness of such painters as Gustave Moreau, Maurice Denis and the Nabis to the Pre-Raphaelites.

Much of our recent enthusiasm must, of course, be put down to nostalgia. How elegant, enchanting and secure seems the world of Tissot, how remote from the motorways and the petrol stations are the autumnal suburban backwaters of Grimshaw! But one cannot study this meritorious book for long without realizing that there was a great deal more to the best of the Victorian painters than period charm. Dyce's "Pegwell Bay" can well stand comparison with Courbet, and Alfred Stevens—the most consistently underrated and neglected artist this country has produced—is, at his best, hardly inferior, either as a portraitist or as a landscape painter, to Ingres. And even so laborious and misdirected a painter as Orchardson occasionally, as in his "Marriage of Convenience", comes very close to Forain.

Each of these books forms part of one of those proliferating series about ancient civilization and art, and profits from the remarkable development in the techniques of colour reproduction. In both cases the numerous photographs can scarcely be faulted.

M. Soustelle has in *Mexico* produced very much more than a picture-book. His wide and sympathetic understanding of pre-Columbian civilization make this book stand out from the many surveys of the same kind. He begins by examining the sources of our present knowledge, from the most recent findings of archaeology to our reading of the surviving hieroglyphic texts and inscriptions, and rightly concludes that "the extent of our ignorance is incomparably greater than the area of our knowledge." He goes on to present a panorama of Mexican antiquity as we now see it. One of its most curious aspects is the way in which its vertical succession in time, from the earliest nomad peoples to the urban federation of the Aztecs, was always matched by a horizontal arrangement. Thus an observer proceeding northwards from the Aztec

capital Tenochtitlan would seem to pass backwards in time from an urban society to a sedentary village culture to wandering groups of palaeolithic hunters in the northern deserts. Pre-Columbian civilization was never far from its sources, and this may have contributed to its cyclical character (well described by M. Soustelle in his more speculative book *Les Quatre Soleils*). Whatever the cultural differences between Olmecs and Maya in each case, their civilization had an essential unity and continued to grow through all vicissitudes until its tragic destruction by the Spaniards. No one is better equipped than M. Soustelle to bring this out. He does so here with intelligence and style.

M. Soustelle is well served by his translator but less so by his publisher. It is not always easy to fit caption to plate, and there are too many proof-reading errors.

Dr. Fernández's *Mexican Art* covers the whole spectrum of Mexican history. His choice of pictures is somewhat conventional, but the old favourites are none the less welcome: from Olmec jade, Toltec monuments and Mixtec jewellery to the gilded fantasies of colonial architecture and the revolutionary wall-paintings of our own time. The introductory text is distinctly uninspired and some of the comments on the plates are embarrassingly effusive.

Above all the Victorians were conscientious. Every canvas involved the production of innumerable sketches. Even the least important background figure had to be painted from a carefully posed and correctly draped model; and in the time fre-

sely spent on a single figure or face (Gibson easily have decorated a couple of feet can be cut off an added at either end without making the smallest difference. It is only enough the first exhibited work of Leighton's celebrated but less gifted rival, Alma Tadema, "The Pantheion Dance", has a strength and vocacity which that painter seldom subsequently achieved.)

The trouble with Lord Leighton, anyhow in this picture, is one he shares with too many of his contemporaries: the irresistible tendency to bite off more than he could chew. Time and time again the Victorians' self-confidence and their exalted idea of the artist's role led them to blow up admirable sketches to dimensions with which it was beyond their power to cope; to apply the minute

visions of the miniaturist to acres of canvas; to load down the main theme with a back-breaking burden of elaborate symbolism and irrelevant detail. The worst offender in this last respect was Holman Hunt: no amount of high-minded explanation and elaborate pictorial side-references can persuade us that he ever felt the smallest imaginative sympathy either with "The Scapegoat" or "The Light of the World". Only once, in his best picture, does he convince us of his sincerity, for in "The Hiring of the Shepherd" he is not, whatever he may think, portraying negligence but just an emotion of which, one suspects, he had a very exact understanding.

Charles Dickens's *1812-1870* is a Centenary Volume. Edited by E.W.F. Tomlin. J.B. Priestley on *The Great Inimitable* Edgar Johnson on *Dickens: the Dark Pilgrimage* Christopher Hibbert on *Dickens's London* Harry Stone on *The Genesis of a Novel: Great Expectations* Ivor Brown on *Dickens as a Social Reformer* Emyl Williams on *Dickens and the Theatre* Nicolas Bentley on *Dickens and his Illustrators* E.W.F. Tomlin on *Dickens's Reputation: a Reassessment*

"An attractive, profusely illustrated volume... eight distinguished experts have joined forces to launch an intelligent reassessment of the writer."

John Moynihan, *Sunday Telegraph*

235 illustrations in colour and black and white

Weidenfeld & Nicolson

5 Winsley Street, London W1

From the stalls

WORSLEY: *Five Minutes, Sir*

217pp. Alan Ross. 30s.

Mr. Worsley is well qualified, as a distinguished dramatic critic with intimate knowledge of this world, to trace the complexity and pathos of these situations. But he has settled for an oddly cursory and disappointing approach. His actor knight, Sir Matthew Prior, and his son Luke, are enmeshed in misunderstandings which are real and moving enough. Sir Matthew's courting of the maiden audiences has sapped his ability to deliver the goods at a higher level. With his outdated disciplines and loange, what is his future at fifty-eight? Some- where during his long tirades to his wife, son, and homosexual friends, the sympathy and the subtlety deliquesce, the character turns hollow and superficial. Mr. Worsley brings off an unlikely plot with some skill: it is made to seem intrinsically possible that Sir Matthew might try marijuana while Luke is on remand for possessing some—and then get arrested in drag when his car hits a traffic island. Luke's contempt for his father's defence of the drug—and the drag—in the witness box is

admitted on television and sneered at by his beheld son. His environment is quiet, easy-going, rather insipid: the author writes of his way of life in a friendly manner and a graceful style which yet convinces us that Niall's is finding it intolerable.

But *Buller Park* is a fantasy. The other principal character is the carefully-constructed Paul Hammer, the son of a wealthy, free-going radiance, a by-blow named, literally, after a workman's tool. Hammer intends to "criticise" Niall's, somehow, to make a case against this suburban way of life; he decides to burn the holy of Niall's, son in a church. The rootless Hammer has no positive philosophy—only a sense of disgust at the organization of American life-styles and a despairing inability to help change the structure. The ably-written blurb describes Hammer and Niall's as two "halves of the cruelly overburdened American psyche". Perhaps "halves" is an overstatement. We are offered only two types of sad suburbia. What is most interesting here is the delicacy and persistent conviction with which John Cheever treats the great public issues that lead to private grief and disorder: racism, fear of the unpredictable violence of the poor, con-

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Lone Dorset monolith

KENNETH MARSDEN: *The Poems of Thomas Hardy*, 247pp. University of London: The Athlone Press, 40s.

There has not yet been any agreement over Hardy's position as a poet. Even his exact period lacks definition. He bestrides the turn of the century with forty years and all his novels behind, and nearly thirty of continuing activity on the near side. He had looked in on three wars—1870, 1899 and 1914—besides having a vivid sense of Napoleon's Europe that was to become for him an expanding symbol of the clash of policies and of his own interpretation of the universe. His novels, firmly planted in both time and place, are established classics; his poetry emerges, progresses, soars and plunges with a dizzy motion. All this crises have to follow in an effort to reach a verdict which frequently remains individual because the highly personal element in Hardy is one more obstacle on the road to cool detachment.

Kenneth Marsden, his latest critic, is so impressed by this critical disagreement that it becomes his opening fanfare and recurs, after a detailed development section, at the close. The awareness guarantees his objectivity, which, in the absence of a final estimate, is as good and productive an attitude as a reader can hope for. Nor can the critical cleft, once recognized, be lost to sight in any of the aspects Mr. Marsden covers: structure and vocabulary, the quality of thought behind the lyric or incident, and before all the controversial question of the Wessex poet's "philosophy". Hardy himself gave at least one explanation—which Mr. Marsden quotes—whereby it becomes a matter of his own temperament rather than of an external will neglecting its products. It was his habit, he explained, to trace out the darker threads of the general pattern. Others, following up the brighter shapes, could arrive at an opposite reading of the same design. On this assumption Hardy's was a partial view, and he was content that it should be. Unfortunately his explanation also is a partial one, leaving much un-

answered: he was not his own best analyst. However, Mr. Marsden works on it to determine how some of the successful poems and some of the failures came into being. Hardy's almost routine view of Chance, ironic Fate, the funeral march of Time, the pain of the past as seen in human memories—these fitted aptly to the lightest takes and incidents. They might give the trivial real significance as a chip of the universal; or the trivial might kill the idea by its irredeemable pettiness. Here we have a plausible theory but an criterion for decision on each poem. With sufficient sympathy for Hardy's method and outlook, Mr. Marsden holds, a good deal the snorters throw away as rubbish ought to be retained.

A similar "take-it-or-leave-it" verdict attaches to Hardy's "mixed vocabulary". Etymologically it is a hybrid product of dialect, archaism, attempts to make one word out of two (some of these have come into the language, others look clownish dragged from their rhythmic settings), all combining to make a typical Hardy language. Writers have made queerer ones since; after stumbling through the bogs and boulders of James Joyce's later efforts it is almost easy to come back.

To where the daydreams, well as heart-dreams that cheer.

At the same time the "best" of Hardy's poems do seem to absorb the irritants and prevent a choral harmony. In general Hardy ruled out nothing that would gain him his desired effects. In words he was part innovator, part traditionalist, part regionalist and a good part transmitter. So with his rhythms and metres, that perform some brilliant gyrations on a groundwork of accepted forms. Taken in bulk, his verse shows a remarkable variety: if the shaping spirit emanates from his architect's training, the beauty and half-strangeness of some of his effects show clearly that music—and not only balladry—ran through his mind. One of his almost carefree poems is composed to a movement from a Mozart symphony, in which each fourth line

tinkles on in a rhythmic cadence.

Yet to such tabernacles, these lives, these lives, these lives.

Even this fancy has its root in the real, and is pure Hardy.

"Pure Hardy", for a lone monolith on the hill, but he was fully aware of his own position, and the poet who, to them, Mr. Marsden, any influence by the time, and he finds his way out of the maze of his own mind, and he finds his way out of the maze of his own mind, and he finds his way out of the maze of his own mind.

Shelley that is very close, prevailing or recurrent, of the, hauntings, death, belonging for the most part, Gothic youth, though still over, refined and his later years. They are like Hardy's phantoms, escapes and pursuit of the same necessities.

The same necessities moves both poets, the gloating vision of the churchyards, human time and mutability. Italian years was still, "one white skull and bones" on a beach as good nightfalls, and showed the trace of ghouliness in the finished poem. The link of affinity rather than of the later poet could hardly be struck by so congenial a Hardy's forward glance.

Hardy's forward glance been strongly marked by delicate efforts to break continuity; nevertheless he found some natural feeling, readers and critics. His fair analyses are clearly the favourable side of the consequences of his habit. Those who have had the unknown territory, his maps, and arranges the collected poems, but a Hardy's nature, more any gossip about his habits.

philosophical purposes. The first admirer in his gradually becomes for a faintly, so that towards the volume he speaks of "George Eliot's fiction postulates."

Professor Knoepfelmacher is a very diligent and well-equipped scholar; he is widely read in English literature and no less so in what is sometimes called "the literature of the subject". Innumerable footnotes, he quotes and argues with colleagues who have written books or articles about George Eliot. In the body of his book he suggests somewhat far-fetched parallels between the novels and takes of George Eliot and other literary works. For example, *The Mill on the Floss*, he notices, "like Antony and Cleopatra... contains two related tragedies"—but he presently adds correctly that "Mrs. Tolleriver resembles Mrs. Bennet rather than Antony's Cleopatra". Nonetheless, "her husband's tragic fate is tied to the ruler of his chosen queen".

"Before dying Lear recognizes the goodness of the daughter he has unjustly spurned; before his death Mr. Tolleriver most acknowledge his debt to his son". It is not easy to guess what prompts the author to make these juxtapositions. They are left, unfortunately, undeveloped. On the other hand Professor Knoepfelmacher repeatedly insists on a relationship between *Adam Bede* and Milton's *Paradise Lost*. George Eliot's first full-length novel reveals her highly imaginative appropriation of *Paradise Lost* for her own

consequences? Cliché (Girth in *Abraham's* tells *Isak*, "I would injure no man willingly even if God winked at it." This fellow-feeling is the only moral sanction that George Eliot's fiction postulates.

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A people and a state

ABBA EBAN: *My People: The Story of the Jews*, 534pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 25 5s.

Mr. Abba Eban, the Foreign Minister of Israel, is a legendary figure at meetings of the General Assembly and the Security Council of the United Nations. His eloquence as the spokesman of Israel for more than twenty years never wears. He is a master of the soothing and pathetic, and also of the devastating phrase. For ten years he was Israel's first delegate to the United Nations, and thereafter in turn Minister of Education, Deputy Prime Minister, and Foreign Minister. In this book he has set out the history and philosophy of the Jews over 4,000 years: from the era of the Patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, to the present day.

The greater part, indeed, of the book is devoted to the dramatic record of the birth and progress of Zionism, which covers less than 100 years. Since he was a boy he has been dedicated to that cause, and since the establishment of the state in 1948 he has had a leading part in moulding and implementing policy. His main theme is the uniqueness of the people and the land of Israel. If there is little that is novel in the narrative, each chapter manifests his mastery of phrase and a deep faith. As he says:

The book is written from within, by

Because they're there

GEORGE MIKES: *The Prophet Motive*, 158pp. Andre Deutsch, 18s

Whether or not the Jews ought to be in Palestine, they are there. The Arabs are there too; and unless the one is utterly to expel the other with unspeakable suffering, the only alternative is that some way be found for them to live peacefully together. Mr. Mikes, a Jew but not an Orthodox Jew, does not spare to set out the full Jewish case: a catalogue of the threats of extinction and expulsion which Arab leaders have issued. The Jews can hardly be expected to wait and see how far these threats are rhetorical bombast and how far they are real. On the other hand, Mr. Mikes equally understands the Arab case—the bitterness of those who have been expelled from homes

which they and their ancestors have inhabited for generations. He demands that full restitution be made to the sufferers, and thinks the Jewish claim to a unique right through religion to the possession of Jerusalem an indefensible exaggeration. What is needed is a relaxation of tension: Without it the problems are insoluble.

Mr. Mikes's own special contribution is, as one would expect, not a blueprint for a new political solution but an injection into the discussion of his own inimitable humour. His direct political exposition could be matched by other books. No one but Mr. Mikes could have given us the delicious chapter on "Jewish Understatement" in which he pokes fun at the comic harping of Jews about everything in Israel. Defended by his excellent humour, Mr. Mikes tells

the reader many important truths about the differences between the European and the Asian or African Jews, which are to some extent creating a quasi-racism within the Jewish body itself; about the American Jews who support Israel with their money but are reluctant to go and live there, who do not themselves practise their religion but think that the Israelis ought to practice it; of the tension between the Sabras and the immigrants; of life on the West Bank and the contrast between Hebron and Nablus; and of life on the Golan Heights. He is perhaps a little optimistic about the relations between Jew and Arab in Old Jerusalem, but his narrative is a useful corrective to those who imagine that the activities of the Palestine Liberation Front are carried out by people themselves still resident in the territory.

Occidental guide

J. H. WINN HASWELL: *An Introduction to the Holy Land*, 140pp. Duckworth, 42s.

Mr. Winn Haswell is a Methodist minister who has been a frequent visitor to the Holy Land, first as an R.A.F. chaplain and later as a conductor of tours. He has given us a pleasant, unpretentious description of the Holy Land, which he modestly calls no more than an introduction. It is written in an engagingly charitable and economical spirit with appreciation of those whose manner of worship happens to be different from his. In particular he justly reminds those accustomed to the restrained and sober ways of the West, that the habits of orientals are more exuberant. Indeed, he might have added, Christ himself was an oriental, living among orientals. It was among them that the Christian religion had its birth and the exuberance of, say, the ceremony of the Sacred Fire today is doubtless much more reminiscent of the spirit that ruled on Palm Sunday or along the first passage of the Via Dolorosa than our own dignified processions of the West. It is the West who are the "other" in the West, who are the "other" in the West, who are the "other" in the West.

Mr. Haswell's space is limited, and he inevitably has to pass over some

places with little more than the mention of a name and with no detailed description. He is more interested in the evidence for the recovery of an actual site than in the architecture erected upon it: the Church of the Holy Sepulchre clearly disappoints him. At Bethlehem he does not so much as mention the Latin Franciscan church attached to the Church of the Nativity; and he is not much interested in the line modern church at Nazareth. Again he writes from a purely Christian point of view, which means that he is interested in the Old Testament and the places of Jewish history that figure in it but is not at all interested in Jewish history after Christ: there is, for instance, no mention of Safed. He is interested of course in the Dome of the Rock and of Aqsa, but not much in the other Muslim holy places—Hebron for instance, dismissed fairly cursorily.

All this is no cause for complaint: Mr. Haswell does not claim to have written a work of original scholarship. He does not take sides in matters on which scholars are in dispute; his work is a labour of love. He is writing frankly of what attracts his interest, and it is the necessary virtue of such a book that it should be arbitrary and personal in its selection.

There is, however, one curious ascription; the confident assertion that the Pillar of Absalom really was erected by Absalom. There are also a few unfortunate slips in proof-reading: on page 91 we are referred to a map on page 52, but this page contains no map, and in the reconstruction of the timetable of the days of Holy Week we are given 8 a.m. for the time of the Last Supper, where presumably 8 p.m. was meant. We are told that the coastal cities of the Philistines lay eastwards from Bethlehem, where it should of course be westwards. Finally, the illustrations are excellent and well-chosen.

The Statesman's Year Book makes its encyclopedic survey of the world through another year in the current volume for 1969-70 (1538pp. Macmillan, £3 3s.). There is evidence of the usual careful revision, though inevitably it has been outstripped by events here and there, as in Libya and Czechoslovakia. A new, clearer, type-face has been adopted, and for the first time in twenty-three years there is a new band in control. A frontispiece portrait commemorates the late Dr. S. H. Steinberg who for so long guided the destinies of the *Year Book*, and to whom his successor, Mr. John Paxton, pays tribute in his preface.

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"Incomparably funny," Henry Reed, *Sunday Times*. "All right in the Wodehouse world," Norman Shrapnell, *Guardian*. "How does the maestro keep up this magic flow?" *Sunday Telegraph*. 25s.

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Only successful invasion of England since 1066, here described in detail, and showing how Britain was drawn into Europe as a major power. A modern writer may feel overshadowed by such a precursor (as Macaulay), but at least he knows what faults to avoid. Mr. Carswell avoids them... His scholarship is up to date and his political understanding sophisticated. Hugh Trevor Roper, *Sunday Times*. 50s.

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The first of a new series *Illustrated Guides to Pottery and Porcelain*, edited by Geoffrey Godden. Research distilled to a most readable form by Geoffrey Godden—a detailed account of the history of the Lowestoft factory. More than 200 plates (many in colour) provide an excellent guide to collector and dealer alike. *Financial Times*. 90s.

Barrie & Jenkins

John O'Hara

about book and journal reprints

We share the general belief expressed in *The Guardian* this year that reprinting books and journals of a limited readership by offset is rapidly becoming a square-are-launch-of-publishing-and-therefore has acquired specific production requirements. In direct response to this trend, Stephen Austin have tapered their resources to provide publishers and librarians producing book and journal reprints of runs between 250 and 7000 copies with the following comparative advantages over competitors:

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At the Zoo

GERVASE HUGHES: *Dvorák*. 247pp. Cassell, 36s.

Mr. Gervase Hughes makes his approach to Dvorák very clear in his introductory pages, where he writes: "Antonín Dvorák was a straightforward and composed (mostly) straightforward musician; I have therefore done my best to recount that life and describe that music in a straightforward manner. The author is certainly faithful to his expressed intention and has written what one might well describe as a four-times-over straightforward account of his hero. Mr. Hughes's commentary is certainly direct even if somewhat unimpassioned in imagery. This passage (on the *Symphonic Variations*) is characteristic:

In the first three variations [Dvorák] merely repeats the theme (all twenty bars of it) three times over, adding some elaborate contrapuntal trimmings. Then the real fun starts; during the course of the next thirteen variations (4 to 16) he plays with it until, as a thing might play with its puppy, turning it on its back and rolling it all over the place, licking it affectionately when it submits meekly, and administering punitive slaps when it becomes too obstreperous. Perhaps some readers may find the sporty tone exhilarating. But surely Mr. Hughes exceeds the limits of the tolerable when discussing the start of the last movement of the *D minor Symphony* [No. 7]:

I shall use a zoological tag as a means of enabling listeners to recognize for themselves the significance of the phrase introduced... by violas and cellos, in little more than a whisper but with rapidly increasing urgency. In a moment or two you may meet a big bear... Have a care... have a care... HAVE A CARE... HAVE A CARE!

And later:

Eventually Beethoven is persuaded to be done quickly; when two dulcet horns softly echo the original warning there

Light on Lawes

PAMELA J. WILLETS: *The Henry Lawes Manuscript*. 63pp. 22 plates. The Trustees of the British Museum, £1.5s.

Pamela Willets, whose contributions to current research in English music of the seventeenth century sometimes reflect a cautious thoroughness, leaves no doubt in our minds about the importance of the manuscript which forms the subject of this particular study: "The volume is the largest surviving musical autograph of an English composer earlier than the Purcell autograph in the Royal Music Library [now preserved in the Music Room, British Museum]." This is a true as well as a bold statement. During the three centuries between the death of Henry Lawes and the date when the manuscript was acquired for the permanent collections of the British Museum, this precious collection of songs passed through many hands. They were for the most part collectors or scholars having no interest in making even a handful of musical gems available to the public at large, but it can at least be said for them that they linked after the manuscript carefully, so that its contents may at long last be studied and performed.

Many of the songs appeared in early printed anthologies, for Lawes was not one to hide his lyrical light under a bushel. There remain, however, a significant number both of songs and poems which have never seen the light of day, and their uniqueness is made even more valuable by the fact that we are dealing here with the composer's autograph. Problems arise when we compare the written texts with the printed, for although Playford was sometimes guilty of unwarranted improvements, at other times he clearly reproduced a corrected version which slipped from Lawes himself. Any composer is entitled to have second thoughts, and there are

no longer any need to have a care; everything then dissolves into silence. It is true that Mr. Hughes dedicates his book

not so much to professional musicians as to laymen who instinctively appreciate good music, but may have had no opportunity to study more than the rudiments and little opportunity to set their own value on Dvorák's outstanding contributions to the art. But will the layman, in fact, be assisted by Mr. Hughes's boyish enthusiasm? One hopes, indeed, that the sensitive layman would recoil from a form of verbal equivalent that would seem to this reviewer to hinder rather than promote the instinctive appreciation of which Mr. Hughes speaks. A little less zoology and a little more music—the book, alas, contains not a single music example—would have provided a better balance.

It is not that one deplores enthusiasm. On the contrary, the best criticism is, and must be, enthusiastic. What disconcerts me about Mr. Hughes's enthusiasm is the actual quality of it. If his published commentaries represent his response to Dvorák's music, then his response must be inadequate; and one would be sorry if his inadequacy were wished on to others by the breeziness of his style. It is surely significant that when he is confronted by a profound, introspective masterpiece of the order of the *B minor Cello Concerto*—so different from the buoyant, bubbling, "straightforward" Dvorák of whom Mr. Hughes writes with such zoological zest, his account of the music tends to be pretty thin. His failure to recognize Dvorák's invariance, he seems to award a medal to the composer for never having become an "introvert", unlike the "unhealthy morbid" Tchaikovsky—means that his book overlooks the very side of Dvorák's personality which, for many admirers, is the sign of a gift far beyond the scope of a "straightforward chap".

As a guide-line through his analysis of the present predicament, Dr. Routley takes the familiar psychological division of the human psyche into affection, cognition and emotion and applies it historically to the past hundred years or so. Almost too ingeniously, the romantic nineteenth century becomes the period when emotion was the dominant concern of art (and especially of music, enabling Dr. Routley to deliver a spurious assault on that maid-of-all-work, the pianist; then around 1900 came the period of scholarship with *The English*

In service

ERIK ROUTLEY: *Words, Music and the Church*. 224pp. Herbert Jenkins, 30s.

Dr. Routley is nearly but not quite uniquely well placed to discuss the problems of modern music in the worship of the church at a time when its relevance to modern life is itself problematical. For Professor Chadwick at Christ Church, Oxford, is also a musician-cum-theologian—but his experience as musician with a wife and historical knowledge of both "divine and civil" music, as theologian (once at Mansfield College), and as pastor ministering to a Congregational Church (once in Edinburgh, now in Newcastle), has enabled him to write a great deal about twentieth-century church music (which indeed is the title of the book by which he is best known). The present book deals with the same theme but uses a different treatment, which was prescribed for it by the fact that it is substantially a course of lectures delivered at Princeton Theological Seminary in 1966 and so envisages American as well as British Protestantism in its purview.

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Hymnal, the revival of sixteenth-century polyphony, and a total reaction against Victorian timidity: now in the second of the twentieth century the active, not to say revolutionary, context, Dr. Routley asks whether jazz, "pop" music, and modernism have any contribution to the service of the church.

His conclusion is that treating them as drama with participation in that of the theatre of ancient Athens, and by the way that modern as well as modern components, involved in it. Although he is of what Catholics, Anglicans, and Presbyterians are the doing as well as the liberal Protestant tradition he belongs, he gives too little consideration to the view that life with life's ultimate mystery, man's most suitable method, is basically a daily "offer" therefore not susceptible to doctrinal variation such as he would have his own Sunday services. But, calls it a "scripted drama" with a dramatic content of such elaborate familiarity that it requires effort to remember that it is not any sort at all.

The book is full of small ideas like these, trenchantly pressed. For although Dr. Routley is far from intolerant he is explicit in his judgments about liturgical practice, modern and as music critic, about contemporary church music to Britain. John Rascovich Nykes to St. Williamson.

Marxism and Asia An Introduction with Readings Hélène Carrère d'Encausse and Stuart R. Schram

The authors explore the gulf which has existed for half a century between European and non-European revolutionaries, who diverge not merely in their interests, but in their understanding of what Marxism is all about. 'Penetrating study of relations between revolution in Europe and revolution elsewhere.' *Scotsman* 70s

The Wordly Philosophers The Great Economic Thinkers Robert L. Heilbroner

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Allen Lane The Penguin Press

MICHAEL MALLET: *The Borgias: The Rise and Fall of a Renaissance Dynasty*. 351pp. Bodley Head, £3.5s.

It was Alonso de Borgia, born in 1378 near Jativa in the Kingdom of Aragon, who represented a dramatic change in the family fortunes with his election as Pope at the conclave of 1455. The bull on Calixtus III's arms upon the Ponte Milvio, Rome, dated 1458, has its feet firmly on the ground, its head lowered aggressively in complete contrast to the rather docile beast on the city arms of Ciudad Borgia, from which the papal arms derive. Whether consciously done or not, the Borgia bull was singularly appropriate as an emblem for a rising dynasty. The story of the family's emergence in the fifteenth century has been popular reading for generations though, regrettably, the centre of interest has been the licence of a Pope, Alexander VI, and the lechery of his children, Cesare and Lucrezia, rather than the factors that enabled the family fortunes to change so strikingly.

Dr. Mallet says that his aim in writing is to explain the family. In this book he seeks to re-examine evidence concerning the Borgias, so as to jettison the accretions of myth, while showing how it was that the family rose to power by a narrative account of the times. The result is a trilogy with an epilogue. The first three chapters of the study deal with the Renaissance papacy, and are intended as the background for Calixtus III. The central theme is Pope Alexander VI and his children, which grows into the third part: the Italian wars, 1494 to 1503. Finally there is St. Francis and the Borgias of Gndia. The threads are woven together with skill. Throughout, the narrative is attractively written, and almost effortless to read. Moreover the judgments on the Borgias are moderate and balanced; no, let us say sound—that highest of academic praise. Dr. Mallet's book should prove highly successful, being most welcome to students of the papal court of the High Renaissance.

The pity is that Dr. Mallet did not break with tradition, and ignore the controversy about the Borgias. When all is said, though, this book is the most plain-plain we have, it is not very different from that of Collinson-Morley, or of Latou, published in English in 1932 and 1943 respectively. Dr. Mallet's book does have attractive features, but they are almost lost to sight in the dress of his narrative. A presentation which left them more naked would have been more striking, and would have revealed more clearly their contours, while showing how it was that the

Field days in Florence

NICOLAI RUBINSTEIN (Editor): *Florentine Studies: Politics and Society in Renaissance Florence*. 540pp. Faber and Faber, 65s.

GIUSEPPE MARTINELLI (Editor): *The World of Renaissance Florence*. Translated by Walter Darrwell, 280pp. Macdonald, £7.7s.

Fifteen essays concerned with the city and state of Florence of the Renaissance, defined by Professor Rubinstein in his editorial preface as the period "which stretches roughly from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century", are rounded into *Florentine Studies*. The collection, usefully subtitled "Politics and Society in Renaissance Florence", illuminates the work of fifteen established scholars. For those statistically minded, seven scholars are from the United States, seven are British, and one is French—"which by chance reflects the fascination of the Florentine Renaissance for the English-speaking world. Each essay study averages some thirty-five pages, every page so pregnant with live-hundred words above reasonable notes, that glosses, a delight of Renaissance scholars, are impossible in the very narrow margins.

These contributors know their primary sources at first hand, and anyone interested in the Renaissance should find something to catch his interest, while the large battalion of Florentine experts will have something of a field day. The core of the studies incorporates archival researches of considerable depth. M. Charles de la Roncière's "Indirect Taxes or 'Gabelles' at Florence in the Fourteenth Century" has most archival references, which spread to two large pull-out tables. Professor Donald Weinstein's "The Myth of Florence" has none (though, of course, it is based on manuscripts and primary sources), being the least specialist and most readable and fascinating paper in the collection. It is the first.

As a whole, *Florentine Studies* is for a highly cultivated taste and tends to be indigestible. However, the collection has a wider application than may appear at first, for some of the more interesting essays can be linked to a larger study, usually written by the author of the essay. Thus the lines of argument of Dr. Charles Holmes's *The Florentine Enlightenment, 1400-50* (reviewed in the *TLS* on May 29) become crystal clear alongside his essay "How the Medici became the Popes' Bankers". Dr. Michael Mallet's piece "Pope and

family rise to power by a narrative account of the times. The result is a trilogy with an epilogue. The first three chapters of the study deal with the Renaissance papacy, and are intended as the background for Calixtus III. The central theme is Pope Alexander VI and his children, which grows into the third part: the Italian wars, 1494 to 1503. Finally there is St. Francis and the Borgias of Gndia. The threads are woven together with skill. Throughout, the narrative is attractively written, and almost effortless to read. Moreover the judgments on the Borgias are moderate and balanced; no, let us say sound—that highest of academic praise. Dr. Mallet's book should prove highly successful, being most welcome to students of the papal court of the High Renaissance.

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Another point comes forward. Each of the fifteen essays might as well have been published in a scholarly journal, in the sense that it stands alone, and actually is best read in connection with some work other than the rest of *Florentine Studies*. Indeed reading other essays in the collection may prove something of a handicap. Much covered by Professor Weinstein's essay is touched upon in Professor Charles T. Davis's "Il libro tempo antico"; Dr. Peter Partner's "Florence and the Papacy in the Earlier Fifteenth Century" echoes Dr. Holmes's adjacent study. The articles are in no way integrated, and there are no cross-references (an exception is the editor's note on page 119 n.1).

Apparently the writers had no cognizance of the evidence and arguments advanced in the collection as a whole. Hence the reader has to make

the developing dynastic ambitions of the Borgia popes, perhaps with particular reference to Lord Aetian's century-old claim; that Alexander VI's purpose was that the Borgia family should protect and control the papacy—in short, that the Borgias were to act as a revitalized King of the Romans. The follow-up would deal with the methods and manipulations used to further these ambitions. This, in turn, suggests a section in the Namier tradition on family connexions, another on wealth, with perhaps a subsequent chapter considering the family as Maecenas. Into such a scheme of things, which takes, for granted the story of the Borgias, Dr. Mallet's interesting chapter "Borgia Government" would have fitted most neatly, while at present it seems an excursus in his narrative. The author has made some archival researches of a modest kind for this study and could have brought these into focus in an introductory chapter dealing with the existing records, and the problems presented by their interpretation.

Dr. Mallet's notes are precise and useful, but at the end of the volume. Matching them with the text is made the more irritating because, while each page of the text has a file-heading, the notes are listed only under the chapter numbers, and without any pagination to guide. The bibliography provides admirable critical comments, but remains in-

perfect. It does not list the material available in English, which the general reader is most likely to consult: such as Mr. Geoffrey Parker's translation of a selection of Burchard's diary *At the Court of the Borgia* and Amy Latour's *The Borgias*. A more serious defect is the lack of bibliographical information for the articles listed. It is also worth adding that a revised edition of Luzio's *Isabella d'Este e i Borgia* was published in 1911, and that Ferraro's *L'entourage d'Isabella d'Este*, a rare Pre-Laurea publication, is of 1868 not 1866. The references in Agapito suggest the author knows the works at second-hand, and Dr. Michelini Tucci did not write an article entitled "Agapito Gherardini".

There are very few errors of fact in the corrected text: Barbara ("Barbari" in the index) Torelli was not the ex-wife of Giovanni Bentivoglio; Francesco Maria della Rovere was not exiled by Cesare Borgia; and the reference on page 191 to January 6, 1503, should read 1502. The King Ferdinand brought forward on page 166 was perhaps Ferdinand II of Naples, who was of Cesare Borgia's generation, rather than the King of Aragon. Finally, more dangerous, because less easy to spot, are what can be termed the half-truths. For instance, we are told of the Florentine protection of Mantredi of Ferrara (page 29), which

was ruined in London floods. It is true, is *how* *how*; certainly, too, the volume was a long time surfacing. The essays were written several years ago and now appear as slightly damp fireworks, or to return to an earlier metaphor, stale *how* *how*.

One can understand that the collection of essays on the Florentine Renaissance was launched because scholars were available, and the area immensely popular. But perhaps, too, this apparent strength is where the weakness lies: there is too much on Florence. Yet the criticisms of this collection should not prevent it becoming a pilot volume of a series of allied collections, rather than the sequel to *Italian Studies*, edited in 1960, as Dr. Jones suggests. It is an original approach, for the *Florentine Studies* and *Leonard Studies* of more than half a century ago were individually the work of a single author, Horatio F. Brown and the Countess Martinego Cesaresco. It is a venture worth investing in and developing, with a different captain and another crew. For the Italian Renaissance alone one can envisage Lombardy, Venice and the Veneto, the courts of Ferrara, Mantua, Urbino, each illuminated in a volume of related

essays. Here there is little available in English, almost nothing up-to-date, and scholars whose researches are less familiar.

The *World of Renaissance Florence* is the translation of a work that first appeared in 1961 under the title *Il mondo di Firenze: Rassegna di studi*. It has the same broad chronological range as the collections of essays edited by Professor Rubinstein, and forms a useful supplement to this. It is essentially a colour picture-book illustrating the life of the city of Florence (the territory gets only slight mention in the section "Country life"). The accompanying text is by experts normally resident in Italy, if not themselves Italian (Professor Rubinstein is the one exception), and is highly readable in this translation. It is a most attractive volume which students and scholars, even at university level, should not scorn. It is a pity that the source of all the illustrations, which are contemporary and excellent, is not given. One unnamed on page 151, for instance, is particularly notable, being a detail from "The Miracle of the Raven", a fresco from the Chostro degli Aranci, Badia, Florence, recently on exhibition in London.

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For critics, collectors and Marxists

The Library. Edited by R. A. Sneyd. Fifth series. Volume XXIV, No. 2 (June 1989). Oxford University Press. 25s. *The Book Collector*. Edited by Nicolas Barker. Volume 18, No. 2 (Summer 1989). The Collector. 15s. *The Bibliophile*. Edited by Robert Donaldson. Volume 5, No. 4 (1988). Glasgow University Library. 10s 6d. *The Private Library*. Edited by John Cotton. Second Series. Volume 2, No. 2 (Summer 1989). Private Libraries Association.

The June number of *The Library* opens with an important theoretical paper by Professor Fredson Bowers entitled "Bibliography revisited", which was delivered in a much abused form to the Bibliographical Society as part of its seventy-fifth anniversary celebrations. The desire to reprint certain arguments put forward in this journal has perhaps distorted the shape of Professor Bowers's paper, but though he concludes with a good discussion of the proper function of "descriptive bibliography" and a set of principles for it which make admirable sense within his terms of reference, the earlier part of his paper carries less conviction. He takes the rather surprising position that descriptive bibliography is primarily intended for the collector, but subsequently he attacks the collector for his lack of concern for textual transmission. The attitude of Sir Walter Greg, who put textual transmission first and regarded bibliographical description as ancillary to this concern, seems preferable. As it is, Professor Bowers feels that the descriptive bibliographer should do a good deal more than the collector demands; and one wonders whether his *Principles of Bibliographical Description* was primarily written to serve the collector.

Descriptive bibliography has reached something of a point of stasis, as opposed to the success of textual bibliography, and this situation is vividly illustrated from the problems of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries in which Professor Bowers is now deeply engaged. He shows how the bibliographer of Stephen Crane is at a loss because he does not understand the production practices of Appleton, his

publisher. He shows that the bibliography of Nathaniel Hawthorne depends on the machine collation of multiple copies by the textual editor. He laments the lack of detailed studies of the Elizabethan printer that would aid both the textual critic and the descriptive bibliographer—and the list of such desiderata could be multiplied. Yet nowhere does he provide a satisfactory answer to the question why descriptive bibliography is static: is it perhaps that it aims at providing the perfect description on the basis of necessarily incomplete information? With such a title to his paper, one could have hoped for some such radical reappraisal.

The companion piece is Mr. Simon Nowell-Smith's presidential address, "T. J. Wise as bibliographer", which probes the origins of Wise's principles of bibliographical description sometime in the 1880s, and demonstrates how his failure to concentrate on the physical construction of books has expressed in the *Greg/Bowers* formula led him into error. But Wise's sins as a bibliographer were not limited to this, and Mr. Nowell-Smith can produce the apt quotation by which his own point after another. It is a most urbane and scholarly dissection which yet succeeds in giving credit to Wise where it is possible.

The longest and most important of the bibliographical notes is from Mr. K. L. J. Maslen on the sizes of the 1719 editions of *Robinson Crusoe*. That each of the six editions in this year probably consisted of only a thousand copies is an interesting fact based on the ledgers of William Burrey, the eighteenth-century printer: what needs to be pondered much more deeply is the general statistical evidence of edition size that Mr. Maslen presents from

an admittedly small sample of the three years, 1717-20. This shows that a thousand copies was the most popular edition size, and universal for fiction, whether first editions or reprints; other editions were either smaller than a thousand or rather larger. The larger editions included works by Farquhar, Gay, and Pope, but they were normally theological and educational works. By the 1760s the edition size of novels, even for comparatively well-known works, had dropped to 500 or 750 copies—perhaps by then the circulating libraries were the major market. These figures need to be confirmed from other surviving records; but if editions were this size at a time when there was a fairly large reading public, one wonders whether an edition of 500 copies might not be the average for the Elizabethan printing house. If early plays were published in editions of 250 or 500 copies, some of the assumptions made by analysts of their printing will need to be re-examined in the light of a higher ratio of composition to presswork.

The fourteenth "Portrait of a Bibliophile" in the Summer number of *The Book Collector* provides a pleasant surprise—a joint picture of Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels based on a recent catalogue of their surviving books published under the auspices of the Institut für Marxismus-Leninismus in East Berlin. Apart from the range of Marx's own collection, there are stories of his history and vicissitudes and the patient detective work by which some 700 volumes have been reassembled, including, for example, early editions of Delfine and thirteen of the fourteen volumes of *Hawkesworth's* edition of Swift (1760-62) which Marx wrote to Engels, he had bought "for 40 shillings". Four of the plates illustrate Marx's heavy underlining and his marginal notes, which vary from the colloquial—

"Well said, old Frank Newton" to the Teutonic—"This point of the European commonplaces of Polit Economy stuffs English mind mostly overlooks". Much more important, of course, are the copies of their own books and presentation copies from other socialists. Unfortunately many of the books on politics and economics have been lost.

After this treasure trove of hard-used working library, one turns with some grief to Mr. James I. Walsh's "Notes on the Philip Holer Reference Collection". No one needs to be held in the splendours of the Holer Collection, but one is surprised to find that his copy of Bayle's *Dictionnaire historique et critique* was formerly Mlle. de Pompadour's. That Nicolas Antoine's *Bibliothèque Hispanique* belonged to Queen Christina of Sweden with notes in her hand is not that De Bure's *Bibliothèque instructive* is in full red morocco by Derome le Jeune. Not one's usual idea of reference books, and Mr. Walsh is careful to say that there is a working copy of Bryan's *Dictionary of Painters and Engravers* as well as a fine-paper copy in parts and the original boards. More important for the scholar are H. W. Davies's heavily annotated copies of the catalogues he compiled of Fairfax Murray's French and German books, as well as similar copies of two other works by him. Mr. Holer can still surprise us.

Mr. James S. Dearden continues his detailed account of T. J. Wise's dealings with Raskin. Mr. Nixon describes a binding by the MacDermott-Gosnell-Kinder and Dr. U. Schinke a Bologna binding of about 1524 for a German student, Theodor Spiegel. The news and comment is as entertaining and informative as ever, and there is an important leading article about the problems of controlling the export of manuscripts.

The main contribution to the next number of *The Bibliophile* is "Circulating Libraries in the east of Scotland in the nineteenth century", by Mr. R. McDonald, which is a well-written and useful study of the hitherto unknown catalogue of Aberdeen Libraries, Mr. D. H. Hunt describes "Scottish Music in the Robert Burns Collection" at the University Library, and Mr. R. H. G. records the discovery of the numbers of the lost *Glasgow Review* of 1771, and Dr. P. publishes more discovered researches in the bibliography of mathematics.

The Summer number of *The Library* contains two articles. Mr. Fairfax Hall, of the Stourton Press (Oxford), but with a check-list to the day is notable because of both darkness and light, assisted by H. Gage-Cole, previously been present at the Kilmacdonagh and the Dossie, but Mr. Hall adds a printing with an Allion press, an idea of how to achieve, though they are somewhat cryptic, the annotations re-examine the antiquities. Mr. Raskin's "Monckton Milnes and the 'Bibliophile Society' is an account of what is little more than a name to most of us—his points out, because only a copy of the fifteen volumes of *Miscellaneous* were printed, that one can know through easy to find. His article is some to the search, if only they are tantalized by an old head of a printing press, date 1441 and the initials of Gutenberg.

The new light is Fouché's membership of Grand Orient Freemasonry. While still in minor religious orders he was initiated in 1788 into a lodge in Arras, where he was teaching physics, and under the Empire he became a Grand Lodge officer. The speculative masonry of the Grand Orient could be squared, of course, with the professed and impassioned atheism which brought him into conflict with Robespierre; it certainly must not be confused with the ritual-bound, charitable and basically religious masonry of the English constitution. The revolutionary idealism may well have found in the Grand Orient's proceedings and discussions a philosophical coordination of his aims and ideas. That the order survived under Napoleon (who was not a freemason, despite legends that he was, and who disliked masonry, as dictators have usually done) was surely due to the influence of such powerful masons as Fouché, Talleyrand and Murat.

The freemasonry was a natural enough development of the scientist and political idealist of the pre-Revolutionary period. In the great storm of revolution and counter-revolution perhaps he lost his way: men are not often their own masters, and when Fouché and Collot d'Herbois ordered the mass executions in Lyon they did what they had been vent to do. M. Buisson links the Lyon episode with the major aberrations from the philosophical conservatism of Fouché's career. It is possible, however, that in seeking to explain Fouché in masonic terms, he has restricted his field of judgment unduly. It could be argued that another major concept governed his actions.

Napoleon, like Louis XIV, thought to distinguish it from many others of a similar superficial nature except intelligence and a generous scattering of misprints. The volume contains fifty-one reproductions in colour (including two wholly irrelevant paintings of 1908) and twenty reproductions of drawings in duotone.

Biography and Memoirs
DE ROBIEU, LOUIS. *The Diary of a Diplomat in Russia, 1917-1918*. Translated by Camilla Sykes. 319pp. Michael Joseph. £3.

Louis de Robieu was a junior French diplomat who witnessed the revolution of 1917 from the window of the French Embassy in Petrograd, and finally left Russia with his Ambassador at the end of 1918 from Archangel. His diary, which shows no signs of having been pruned or doctored in the light of hindsight, has both the merits and the defects of a contemporary record by a spectator who had little understanding—few foreigners at the time had—of what was going on. The details of daily life on the periphery of a revolution are not invariably interesting or significant. Trivial anecdotes, rapid changes of mood, hopes and fears, odd misapprehensions, some shrewd off-the-cuff judgments and others not so shrewd make up an agreeable, but not remarkable, book.

Btany.
ROSS-CRAIG, STELLA. *Drawings of British Plants, Part XXVI*. 48pp. of plates. G. Bell. 16s.

This volume of Stella Ross-Craig's

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BUISSON: Fouché, Duc de Orléans. 652pp. Bienne: Payot.

character and career are new information and are derived from unanimous. He was at the heart of things in exceptional turbulence and in the story of his life with the stories of his contemporaries and with the embarras of the literature of the Empire and the Res-

Madelin, who wrote what is the most solid work on Fouché, arrived at the most acceptable: the man was born with a moral sense; and great crisis came, snatching at both darkness and light, and not only the faithless plot of the shameless intriguer of Robespierre, but also the only one we get a glimpse of tradition, but Mr. Hall adds a printing with an Allion press, an idea of how to achieve, though they are somewhat cryptic, the annotations re-examine the antiquities. Mr. Raskin's "Monckton Milnes and the 'Bibliophile Society' is an account of what is little more than a name to most of us—his points out, because only a copy of the fifteen volumes of *Miscellaneous* were printed, that one can know through easy to find. His article is some to the search, if only they are tantalized by an old head of a printing press, date 1441 and the initials of Gutenberg.

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that he was the State. Fouché knew better. Always the man of 1789, he realized that the Revolution had permanently changed France, giving its state order a socialist character which had a viability far superior to the power of emperors or kings. One outcome of this realization was perhaps the notion that Fouché was the State, because Fouché understood it, to the end of his political life he strove to preserve as much as possible of the grand metamorphosis brought by the Revolution. The betrayal, the cynical destruction of the Directory, the sacrifice of Josephine, the ruthless abandonment of the defeated Emperor, can all be seen as parts of the pattern of a determination to preserve an order that France needed more than she needed the individuals to whom he was by ordinary human standards bound to be loyal. His loyalty was to the new France.

Here many might say "Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel", finding Johnson's apophthegm only too apposite, and perhaps the man who so fully implemented this abstract and complex loyalty against the claims of gratitude and fealty can hardly expect much sympathy from less rarefied mortals. Yet it is always the duty of the state to survive, where individuals can pardonably commit one sort of suicide or another, and Fouché seems to have believed himself to have been essential to the continuation of an order of things that had survived terrorism and imperialism, and could survive still under the restored monarchy. When simpler doctrines voiced their abhorrence and dread of a Bourbon return in 1815, Fouché said: "With good Chambers, good ministers, and a good army, it would be the devil if we can't get the better of a crippled king, credulous princes, and idiotic, broken-down *aristocratie*."

In the context of this kind of thinking, even the executions at Lyon take on consistency. Many authors and most people see nothing but selfishness in Fouché's senior police officer and author of a life: a renegade cleric turning public confusion always to his own advantage, gaining power, wealth and a dukedom, leaping nimbly over the ruins of others' hopes and escaping retribution by his diabolical cleverness to the very end. Yet what is known as Fouché's private life is singularly at odds with this ravening monster. He had none of the vices that commonly claim those who have large opportunities to indulge in

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